THE

CHARACTERS of the AGE;

OR THE

MODERN ENGLISHMAN.

A

SATIRE.

Arise, ye Criticks! *your* [illegible] *Rage,*
Let Poignant Satire *Lash the* Venal Age;
E'er Truth *and* Reason *lose their juſt Command,*
Call Virtue *down to ſave a* ſinking LAND.

LONDON:

Printed for J. ROBINSON, at the *Golden Lion*, in *Ludgate-Street*.

M.DCC.XLIII.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

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WHEN Luxury and Luſt cou'd once enſlave,
No more the GREEK was ſtrong, or ROMAN brave;
No longer glow'd their Youth with martial Fire;
Science, and Art, did like their Fame expire;
Neglected Bards with loud Reſentment ſaw
Vice ſet at large, and Virtue kept in awe;
ASTREA from the lov'd Abodes withdrew;
MINERVA ſigh'd, and bade her ROME adieu;
Forc'd from thoſe Climes ſhe fled to find retreat,
And ſoon in ancient ALBION fix'd her Seat;
On LATIUM Shores, where late her Glories ſhone,
Left the fall'n ROMAN ravag'd and undone:
When ſhe with us aſſum'd her awful Throne,
Dictated Laws, and made her Precepts known,
Virtue was then the BRITONS ſacred Truſt,
And their chief Glory to be brave and juſt!

When wide Deſpotic Realms of vaſt extent,
Whoſe guarded Bulwarks fill'd the Continent,
Durſt urge their Wrath, the Menace they defy'd,
Mock'd all their Schemes, and quickly curb'd their Pride;
If NEPTUNE ſhook his Trident o'er the Main,
Nations were huſh'd, and Rumour ſunk again!

Say, Satire, now what is GREAT-BRITAIN's Fame,
Smiles ſhe beneath a mild pacific Reign?
Say if from diſtant Worlds ſhe heaps her Store,
And ſpreads her Influence, Grandeur, Wealth and Power;
To what new Excellences we arrive,
How Science, Learning, Arts, Induſtry thrive;
If Charity does party Feuds remove,
And Zealots live in Unity and Love;
If pure Religion is by all confeſs'd,
And hoſpitable Greatneſs much increas'd;
If each, ſecure, beneath his Vine, at Eaſe,
Sees Diſcord calm'd to Harmony and Peace:
Say, if theſe Virtues ſhall the Age renown,
When Fame hereafter hands our Story down
To following Generations as they riſe,
Lear'd by their Fathers to be *Good* and *Wiſe*,
Whoſe Trophies then ſhall ſtand the Shock of Time,
And ſacred in eternal Annals ſhine:
Delightful View! is this the noble End
To which GREAT-BRITAIN's buſy Motions tend?
Vain pleaſing Thought! vain ſoft illuſive Dream!
How chang'd the Subject, how reverſe the Theme!

Fain wou'd I ſpeak my Country's loud Applauſe,
But angry Truth proclaims her injur'd Cauſe.
Hard Fate! muſt this become the Muſes Choice,
A Nation fill'd with Folly, Fraud, and Vice—?
It muſt be ſo—then great APOLLO deign
To aid my Thoughts thro' this poetic Spleen!
Contagious Ills ſpread dire Diſeaſe around;
Search! ſearch the Cauſe! deep probe the fatal Wound:
Aſſiſt, e'er fainting Reaſon bid adieu
To Morals, Conſcience, and Religion too!

All Parties raiſe a loud Domeſtic War,
And all for Publick Good alike declare:
For this their Works of Charity we find
So Noble, Free, Benevolent, and Kind,
That often Thouſands are *per Diem* ſpent,
To give Relief, and ſooth harſh Diſcontent.*
Which, to promote this pious Deed the more,
Finds *Jails* for Bankrupts, *Bridewells* for the Poor:
Their Characters are ſo exceeding nice,
Either they have no Virtue or no Vice:
And each maintains (tho' wrangl'd ne'er ſo long)
Their Schemes are Right, the others always Wrong:
Such knotty Doubts what Reaſoning can compriſe;
How ſhall we come at Truth in ſuch Diſguiſe?
Do their Deſigns, with all this noiſy Zeal,
Advance the Service of the Common-Weal!

* It is ſuppos'd, the Author means to give Relief to thoſe who depoſit the Sums, by which they gain their Deſigns, and make thoſe eaſy who oppoſe them; which often incapacitates the former to pay their lawful Debts, and occaſions their Creditors to become Bankrupts, *&c.*

All to that Motive eagerly pretend,
What'er their Project is, their View, or End:
But this a nobler Confirmation needs,
Let them exchange their *Words* for manly *Deeds*;
Words paſs away inviſible as Wind;
'Tis Deeds reveal the Purpoſe of the Mind:
This is a Truth by long Experience found,
An empty Veſſel makes the loudeſt Sound!
And ſubtile Tongues ſo palliate *Good and Evil*,
A Saint in Words may be in Deeds a D—il.
By flagrant Inſtance it appears too plain,
That oft as Intereſt changes, ſo does Man;
If that's obtain'd, no Matter Wrong or Right,
What's falſe i'th' Morning may be true at Night.
Int'reſt the Secrets of the Soul unlocks,
This clears all Doubt, and ſolves the Paradox;
Here Fools deceive, and Knaves conceal their Crimes,
So *R*—— extol'd, and *H*—— damn'd the Times;
Both Patriots too! then how came this about?
Why *R*—— was then in Pay, and *H*—— out?
But ſee, three wavering Moons are ſcarcely gone,
E'er *R*—— cries out the Nation is undone!
What can have alter'd thus theſe ſtedfaſt Men?
Why *R*—— is out at C——, and *H*—— in.
We all at Bri—ry and Cor——tion rail,
Blame him that purchas'd what we put to Sale.
If Men for Gold will barter all they have,
Who ſells his Right is juſtly made a Slave:
Why ſhou'd a B——gh of the Choice repent,
Which does ſo well its B——rs repreſent?

Their Privileges were by Auction bought,
Put up to Shew, and ſold again by Lot:
'Tis all Plain-dealing then, if this be true,
We cannot ſell a Claim, and keep it too.
Yet thus imbroil'd contending Tumults brawl,
And Publick Good 's the ſpecious Term for all.
Virtue alone deſerves a Nation's Truſt,
Without it all are faithleſs and unjuſt:
Some Secret View the conſcious Thoughts ſuggeſt,
Some ſelfiſh Minion Paſſion rules the Breaſt:
Can any be for Arguments believ'd,
Who have already all Mankind deceiv'd!
Dare laugh at Morals, call all Virtue Whim;
Pray what's the Good of other Men to them?
But nothing now can give the World Offence,
Like honeſt Truth and modeſt Innocence;
This knowing Age walks by politer Rules,
And leaves ſuch childiſh Thoughts to Boys and Fools!
Coxcombs and Knaves no more their Guilt reſtrain,
Inſulting, Proud, Impertinent, and Vain;
Folly or Fraud is their eternal Boaſt,
Moſt hating thoſe that truely Merit moſt;
Diſdaining all for Senſe and Virtue known,
(Talents ſo widely differing from their own)
Leſt out of Mode, their Conduct ſhould offend,
And forfeit all their Impudence has gain'd.
Ah! Candour, Reaſon, ſtate the Matter clear!
Where is the Man unbiaſs'd and ſincere?
There are whoſe Breaſts conceal no baſe Deſign,
Yet Men of Worth in C—t and S—te ſhine.

Yet Multitudes produce a ſcatter'd Few
Juſt to their K—g, and to their Country true.

Weak Muſe forbear! content with humble Fate,
To Law and Schoolmen leave thou all that's Great;
Let favour'd BARDS aſſume their awful Sway,
Detect, reform, and laſh our Crimes away.
Enough for thee, canſt thou attempt to ſhew
Th' Extravagance to which our Follies grow;
How, when tranſplanted from a foreign Soil,
They Spread, and Flouriſh, in this fruitful Iſle!
Rouze, honeſt Satire! ſcourge a guilty Land,
But touch on Perſons with a tender Hand:
The reigning Foible of the Times explode,
This Thing call'd TASTE, this new fam'd ALAMODE!
This Term for ſomething that was never found,
Which leaves our Senſe and Reaſon loſt in SOUND.
Without reſerve impartial Juſtice ſhow,
If guilty prov'd, what matter is it who?
Vice bears an equal Blame in Friend or Foe.

What brings in numerous Crouds the glittering Train!
Why all Abſurd, Ridiculous, and Vain!
A friz'd Monſieur, or ſqueaking Strollers come
To laugh at us, from NAPLES, FRANCE, and ROME!
Our Wealth each foreign Nonſenſe has endow'd,
Each *Raree-ſhew* delights the gaping Croud;
For every Price they've ſomething always Suits,
From *Fa—li* down to * *Merry-mouts!*

* An outlandiſh Creature ſo call'd by the Vulgar.

Conſult

Conſult but Reaſon, ALAMODE's at ſtake;
With the Polite what Havock wou'd it make!
Nothing's ſo Dangerous, nothing ſo Uncouth,
To that Fine TASTE, *as Virtue, Senſe, and Truth*;
All which Ambition bids the World forſake;
Who wou'd not ſhine a Novice or a Rake,
A Fop, a Pimp, a Mimic or Buffoon,
A Cook, a Coachman, Jockey or a Groom;
Which by the ſecond *Climacteric* Year,
Firſt raiſe the Grandeur of a minor P—r?
Soon as he has Capacities for more,
He takes ſome Dogs, a T—r, and a W—re:
Will travel next, and learns by TWENTY-ONE
The moſt accompliſh'd Ways to be undone;
Which, with himſelf, (to ſhew his publick Care)
He very largely lets the Nation ſhare.
But theſe are dirty Drudgeries! they'll not do,—
For one that prattles *French*, and is a BEAU!
This gaudy Silkworm has enrich'd his Mind
With ſofter Paſſions, Notions more refin'd;
Has Powder, Engines, and the D—l knows what,
Scents, Paints, Complexions, Waſhes, Bergamot;
'Midſt theſe ſoft Delicacies, Chat, and Tea,
Tenderly melts his gentle Age away;
Who Gaily ſhines thro' Life's abortive Span,
By Art an Inſect, and by Nature Man.
If Tranſmigration of the Soul were true,
There's Tranſmigration ſure of Bodies too;
Nor need we here PYTHAGORAS's Brain
In doubtful Terms the Syſtem to explain,

By each mechanic Artiſt from Abroad,
Chang'd into all the various Forms of Mode!
No more Sir FOPLING fears to be diſgrac'd,
Baboons and *Aſſes* firſt were Men of TASTE;
Exactly each the ſame Endowments fit,
Alike in Fiz, in Action, and in Wit.

To Ages paſt (would Fate return them here)
What ſtrange new-faſhion'd Things ſhould we appear!
Their old Eſtates how they'd regret to ſee
Lie mortgag'd now to FRANCE and ITALY!
For Baubles, Toys, and all the foreign Trades
Of Operas, Balls, Ridottos, Maſquerades;
Cooks, Tumblers, Dancers, Taylors, Politicians,
Hair-frizzers, Eunuchs, *Frenchmen* and Muſicians:
Thoſe manour Seats, where, feaſting round the Year,
Once friendly Neighbours quaff'd *October* Beer,
Left deſolate like ſome dead Hermit's Cell,
Abandon'd Walls where Bats and Owlets dwell;
Poor needy Duns the lonely Manſion fly,
In Hutts, or Priſons, left to Starve and Die;
Whilſt Farms reſound the broken Tenants Moan,
The Orphans cries, and Labourers diſmal Groan.
How wou'd this Conduct of our ſpendthrift 'Squires
Provoke the Vengeance of their hoary Sires!

Say, Satire, now, by what our Parts are ſhewn,
How fond of every People but our own;
How Foreigners at firſt Addreſs appear,
How they're Receiv'd, and what their Buſineſs here.

Up ſteps *Monſieur — Ah! Comment portez vous,*
With thread-bare * Rug, no Shirt, and ſoleleſs Shoe;
To greaſy Flannels pins his *ruffl'd* † *Shams*;
Has Congees, Capers, and a thouſand Flams!
With *Engliſh* P—rs behold the Coxcomb ſet,
Deem'd a Companion for the Coronet!
Firſt glaring Pattern of the Mode he ſhines,
Author of *Taſte*, and Modeller of Times.
For what, pray (Sirs) can all this Fondneſs be?
'Cauſe he's careſs'd by moſt N—ty;
And thoſe who ſcarce can purchaſe Bed and Board
Affect the Elegancy of a Lord.
Each Genius then he well obſerves, to find,
If moſt to Fop, or Epicure inclin'd;
How e'er that prove, in Air, Grimace and Dreſs,
We ſoon excel, and mimic to Exceſs!
When ſtrait a chief *de*—ſomething, next comes o'er,
With *Words* and *Triffles* never known before;
Who finds us in the ‖ various-colour'd Robe,
And tells us every Bubble is a Globe;
Where, willingly deceiv'd, we think we ſee
A World of Wonders in Epitome!
So gull'd of Treaſure, Honeſty, and Senſe,
He rules our Reaſon as he rules our Pence.
Such Madneſs reigns thro' each revolving Moon,
And *Britons* emulate the *French* Buffoon.

* His Coat, ſuppos'd to be a coarſe *French* Cloth which they uſually firſt appear in.

† A Term for *Holland* Sleeves, made in the Faſhion of Shirt-Sleeves.

‖ 'Tis ſuppos'd the Author means a Fool's-Coat, alluding to the Infatuation of our Reaſon by ridiculous Extravagancy.

Oaths, Clamour, Nonſenſe, Blaſphemy, aloud,
Proclaim the Age one vain Atheiſtic Croud!
Whoſe dreadful Van illuſtrious Heroes grace,
Renown'd for Powder, Perri-wiggs, and Lace;
Whilſt AMAZONS, Perfumes and Fluids taint,
Their Dreſſes Foreign, and their Faces Paint.
Shun this ye boaſted Glory of our Iſle!
Nor veil your Beauties with that hated Foile,
Wit, Shape, and Air, ſtill conquer where ye come,
And awful ſhine in Love's ſoft tinctur'd Bloom!
What can ye add to Nature's finiſh'd Hand?
What can your Charms—but Conquer and Command?

In ſwelling Sounds extenſive Folly grows,
Who now the Value of a *Quaverer* knows?
(Tho it's the ſame, ſay but he comes from ROME,
Were he an Idiot with a whiſtle Spoon.)
Lo! throngs of Females, big with Eunuchs Song,
Leading Mankind like tattling Babes along.
See *F——li* from the Stage retire!
Bright Splendors fade, and dying Nymphs expire!
" *Lov'd* Far——li! *quickly him reſtore,*
" *Come chanting Angel whom we all adore;*
" *Sweet* SENESINO *is already gone,*
" *If thou art loſt three Kingdoms are undone!*"
Thus the Coquet, the Prude, the Belle, the Beau,
In ſad Diſpair expreſs their mingled Woe;
To any Terms how gladly they'd comply,
That Fame might purchaſe, or their Wealth cou'd buy!

Quickly, O quickly! welcome Breezes bring
The pretty harmleſs ſoft melodious Thing!
Fly! Warbler, fly the torrid Climes of SPAIN,
And let the Fair enjoy their own again;
The hated Kingdom leave that forc'd thee hence:
Inhuman Guilt! O matchleſs Inſolence——!
Vain Thought——! Redreſs can Mer——ts hope to ſee,
When that proud Court durſt make a Prize of thee!

Ariſe, ye Criticks! vent your loudeſt Rage,
Let poignant Satire laſh the venal Age;
E'er Truth and Reaſon loſe their juſt Command,
Call Virtue down to ſave a ſinking Land;
And let it be by Truth and Valour ſhewn,
We've ſomething left us yet that is our own.
Ill ſuit theſe dear-bought Cuſtoms, brought from far,
With Great BRITANNIA's awful Character!
Where's now her glorious Fame of Strong, and Brave,
Always employ'd to Conquer, and to Save?
Behold! her Power to Folly ſacrific'd,
By thoſe vain People, whom ſhe once deſpis'd:
Meanly her weak degenerate Offspring ſtoops
To ape their Faſhions, and to lap their Soupes.

Whores, Bawds, and Pimps are thought the true Foundation
Whereon to build the Nation's Reformation;
If ſo, what vaſt Improvement is at hand,
Ours ſoon will be a meek repenting Land!
Kind Females hear! make the good Work your Choice,
And wake us from this Lethargy of Vice:

Behold the Country's darling Sons are brought
Politeneſs, Senſe, and Morals to be taught;
Hither the rural 'Squire reſerv'd and plain,
The ſullen Pedant big with pregnant Brain,
The carliſh Lout that chanc'd to be an Heir,
And Young Mechanic inſtantly repair;
The firſt for Manners comes to view the Town,
The next to ſhew his Parts, or claim the Gown;
Politer Terms diſturb the others Pate,
Genteely how to ſpend a good Eſtate!
The Tradeſman's Fate may curſe him too with Wealth;
Then all muſt have Diverſions,—how, for Health?
No, more refin'd, they ſcorn ſuch ruſtic Schemes,
New Mode, and Taſte, each Pupil now eſteems;
For theſe they ſearch the City, Town, and Court,
To Church, to Play-houſe, and to Stews reſort;
With grand aſſuming Look, and rakeiſh Air,
Soon learn to Drink, to Bully, Lye, and Swear;
Then a tame Pimp, a Wife, a Brace of Whores,
Debts, P——xes, Duns, Debauches, and Amours,
A Foreigner, of *Bugs* and *Beads* poſſeſt,
Juſt Alamode equip the Men of Taſte;
Each ſtruts as Bold, and mighty as a L——d,
Either to gain a R——on, or a Cord,
No matter which, they Greatneſs imitate,
Curſe Fortune then that gives 'em ſuch a Fate;
Ruin'd, to Jail each Man of Figure's ſent,
And Starving dies a weeping Penitent!
Satire, look back! in Juſtice now declare
What are the Foibles of the tender Fair:

Moſt

Moſt have a Taſte, and know at Twelve ('tis plain)
That Providence has no Thing made in vain;
Tho' delicate! they've Senſes to be pleas'd,
Know what they Want, and when that Want is eas'd:
To be admir'd much Emulation ſhew,
And ſmell the Verge of CUPID's Dome below;
The out-ſtretch'd Canvaſs ſpreads with cool Delight,
And opens new Diſcoveries to our Sight;
Soft latent Charms thick Folds no longer ſcreen;
If th' Hoop excels, no matter what is ſeen!
So may we hope, All Love has treaſur'd there,
Will by degrees Invitingly Appear.
At Church the Saint immers'd in Thoughts Divine,
If chance he ſee thoſe brilliant Beauties ſhine,
The heavenly Viſions tranſient fleet away;
And Angels ſeem leſs lovely far than They!
When ſtrait the Nymph adorn'd looks round to ſee,
If yet to her a Convert bends his Knee;
Then by a Glance beholds him proſtrate near,
With Eyes directed not to Heaven but Her;
Coyly the Goddeſs caſts an awful Stare,
And dies away with other Zeal than Prayer.
O LOVE! Almighty LOVE! whence none are free,
Even all become Idolaters to thee;
From lov'd ADONIS, Noble, Kind and Juſt,
To hated SYPHAX, Trunk of canker'd Luſt;
Or ſhaking TIMON, wither'd, lame and old,
The Man who hugs his Miſtreſs as his Gold.
Yet this is all mere venal low Offence,
To ſome Degrees of Mens Concupiſcence:

SODOM's curs'd Crew far worſe than Beaſts obſcene,
Devils incarnate to the Damn'd unclean;
A vile deteſted Heterogeneal Race,
Monſters! unfit to wear a Human Face.
Fly! fly the foul abominable Creature,
Worm of the Jakes, the fetid Sink of Nature!
Say now in what the Wi—es and M—ons ſhine,
In what Excel, and how Improve their Time;
Play, Scandal, Tea, the Toilet and the Bed;
Theſe an Employ by moſt for Life are made,
In new Intrigue or what gives moſt Delight,
They ſpend the Day, and game away the Night;
Yet regular do all Punctilios keep,
At Twelve to Supper, and at Four to Sleep;
Thus gone to Reſt and Day's long Drudgery done,
They ring at Ten and riſe again at Noon.
Others in ſoft lethargic Pleaſures drown'd,
Gently move on in one eternal Round!
From Day to Day, but juſt repeat the ſame,
Riſe, Eat and Drink, undreſs and Sleep again;
Except an *Opera*, or a *Maſquerade*,
Or elſe a *Sunday's* Viſit 's to be paid:
When ſome half wak'd devout to Church repair,
And their free Off'ring at the Altar ſhare:
Next Home to Dreſs and Paint, and then away
To hear ſome ſweet *Italian* Muſic play;
All this perform'd, have ſtill an ardent Zeal,
To ſpend the Night at *Ombre* or *Quadrille*.
*** calls up three times a Day to Prayers,
And at all other leiſure Rails, or Swears;

Tells her Examples of OEconomy,
And ſays no prudent Woman lives but She.
SPIRUS and DELIA call their Prieſt a Fool,
And turn all Sacred Things to Ridicule;
The Prieſt demurely goes to Church to pray,
Return'd, makes thoſe a Jeſt as much as They;
In Language that a *Turk* might bluſh to hear,
Language might force from him a conſcious Tear!
With what Abhorrence wou'd his Hate be ſhew'd,
To thoſe who mock the Worſhip of their GOD:
Indignities like theſe were never ſhewn
To ſenſeleſs Deities of Wood or Stone;
Even ſuch vain Forms when the Adorers ſaw,
As Gods preſerv'd a venerable Awe!
But here perverſe th' ALMIGHTY's Works they ſcan,
And free, alike diſpute with GOD and Man.

Of Truth and Juſtice *** pretends to treat,
Couch'd in a Leopard's Fawn for his Deceit;
At Vice he rails, and ſounds bright Virtue's Cauſe,
Praiſes her Beauties, and defines her Laws;
Yet trace his Life, and every Action ſhews,
None more of Vice, and leſs of Virtue knows.
To what Deſign do Words or Actions tend,
That perſecute the Virtues they commend?
But moſt Men now ſo Orthodox are grown,
Each has a new-made Worſhip of his own;
Void of a Scripture-Rule, or GOD to pleaſe,
Beſt form'd to his Convenience or his Eaſe:

Religion's

Religion's ſtill the Subject of the Preſs,
Tho' ſure no Chriſtian Nation e'er had leſs!
'T has been ſo long Diſputed every Day,
'Tis almoſt now Diſputed quite away.
In Morals too ſo very nice they're grown,
They alter'd thoſe we had, and left us None;
Nay Principle and Honeſty's the ſame,
They're all refin'd to nothing but a Name:
An honeſt Man appears ſo out of Rule,
He ſeems at beſt a Madman or a Fool;
Yet all can tell (by Reaſon to be ſure)
The Man is Honeſt, why? becauſe he's Poor.
Money's a Current, nothing can withſtand,
Still opening various Channels thro' the Land;
If dribbling Ebbs with Oppoſition meet,
The following Eddy crouds into a Deep,
O'er every Bound purſues it's lawful courſe,
And breaks it's Way with loud impetuous Force:
As gathering Streams that drain the leaky Coaſt,
Do Plow till in one mingl'd Torrent loſt.
All ſublunary Things ſubmit to Gold,
JOVE governs now, not SATURN as of old!
The Gods 'tis plain deceiv'd each ancient Sage,
And meant that this ſhou'd be the Golden Age.
Say then the Cauſe that brings our Miſchiefs on,
Why Man ſeems eager moſt to be Undone;
His Thoughts like Atoms by the Whirlwinds toſt,
In all the airy maze of Paſſion loſt!
Thus, greateſt Bleſſings ſent us here below,
If miſ-apply'd, will bring the greateſt Woe,

Are

Are often chang'd from Beſt of Things to Worſt;
By Knowledge ſome, and ſome by Wealth are curs'd.
If Heav'n gives Wealth, ſoon as that Wealth's beſtow'd,
Alas frail Man! it ſtrait becomes his GOD;
Capacious Joys within his Breaſt inſpire
All the fond Heart can Wiſh or Soul Deſire;
Except amid'ſt his ever-growing Store,
He pines out Life, and dies in want——of more.
Corruption ſpreads, and Guilt ſo rules the Times,
That Flattery, Fraud and Knavery, ſeem no Crimes:
Moſt freely think their Buſineſs is Deceit,
And Senſe and Merit are——a *private Cheat.*
All Men, they ſay, that have it in their Power,
Will think the ſame, and ſhew it every Hour.
It's Bite who can, and hark ye——in a W[illegible]d,
The Cobler's Credit oft outbids the L——
Whilſt GOOSE the Taylor (bowing reverend low)
In new-born Faſhion ſtruts a firſt-rate Beau,
And much reſembles ſome Long-Titled-Name,
Whoſe Parts, whoſe Language, nay, whoſe Air's the ſame:
One that perhaps (tho' rank'd with noble P——rs)
For Senſe and Manners ſcarce deſerves the Sheers.

Say, Satire, ſay! if now thou can'ſt deviſe,
Where are the Good! the Brave! the Juſt! the Wiſe!
Whoſe worthy Praiſes, Truth and Virtue ſound;
Where are theſe Fathers of their Country found!
Who nor our Follies, nor our Vices ſhare,
Nor act beneath the Dignity they bear.

Search! quickly ſearch! if any ſuch we have,
And let the Good a ſinking Nation ſave!
Seek where ASTRÆA from the World retires,
Where Gold corrupts not, nor Revenge inſpires,
Where Envy dies, Ambition ſleeps in Peace,
Self-Intereſt falls, and public Factions ceaſe.
'Tis done; behold thy darling P——r come forth,
Great and admir'd among'ſt the Sons of Worth!
Dupe to no Party, fix'd on neither Side,
But where plain Reaſon, Truth and Virtue guide;
To Honour juſt, in Heart and Conſcience clear,
In Deeds impartial, and in Words ſincere,
Free from ill-grounded Hope or ſervile Fear,
All theſe, amid'ſt the wiſer Better Few,
The World behold, O L——, in You.

F I N I S.